The author on the basis of his own experience, extending now to more than thirty years, has come to the conclusion that mankind is slowly evolving towards a sublime state of conciousness, of which fleeting glimpses have been afforded to us by all great seers and mystics of the past and present. There is no doubt that some of the leading intellects of this era accept the existence of an evolutionary impulse in the race, but the ultimate goal and the modus-operandi of the impulse, according to them, are still shrouded in mystery.

The purport of Gopi Krishna's writings is that there is a specific paycho-somatic Power-centre in man, ordained by Heaven, and that it is by the action of this Power-Centre that human evolution has proceeded so far. This Divine Organ, he says, is naturally active in born sages, mystics, prophets, and men of genius, and can be roused to activity with appropriate methods in those already advanced on the path of evolution.

This Divine Power-centre, known in India by the name of Kundalini, has been used for the attainment of higher consciousness from times immemorial. In fact, there is every reason to believe that the extraordinary exuberance of religious genius in India in the Vedic age, which was never surpassed in any subsequent epoch, was due to an intimate knowledge of this mighty mechanism coupled with a social order more in harmony with evolutionary laws.

The existence of the Power-Centre and methods to rouse it were known in almost all ancient cultures of Asia, Europe America and even in Africa. Gopi Kishna believes that a voluntary arousal of Kundalini, under satisfactory conditions, observed by competent investigators, can furnish unquestionable proof about the existence of this Power-centre and its capacity to bestow psychic gifts, genius and Cosmic Consciousness. The experiments when proved, would effect a radical change in some current concepts about Life, and narrow down the gulf existing between religion and science at this time. It will also draw the attention of scholars towards the spiritual Laws of Evolution of which they have no knowledge at present.

In this booklet Gopi Krishna outlines the consequences of a collective breach of these Laws. He says that there is nothing haphazard and arbitrary in the universe and that there are as effective and as inviolable Laws in the spiritual realm as there are in the physical world. The present explosive situation is due to a serious violation of Evolutionary Laws, as modern intellect by too much emphasis on the material has failed to achieve a harmonious development of human personality. By too much attention to the gross man has lost contact with his inner universe, to which in reality he belongs, and the unpeaceful state of the world is a direct result of this estrangement.

Internecine wars, riots and revolutions mark the ravages of a mental plague, as effectively controllable as any other

(*Continued on last inner cover.*)

The Shape of Events to Come

by

Pandit

GOPI KRISHNA

Srinagar

CONTENTS Page

Chapter I
More stern than Physical laws which matter bind
Celestial Statutes rule the human mind. 1—12

Chapter II
Our self-correcting minds, to mend us, cause
Commotion when we flout Supernal Laws 13—28

Chapter III
Resisting and rebellious man is drawn
Towards a Golden Age about to dawn 29—44

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PREFACE

(1)

The future happenings, already a part
Of one Eternal Present, with no end,
No ceaseless movement of time and no start,
On those the illusive Veil of thought can rend,
Cast their reflection, when the shadows part.
As each succeeding lightening flash reveals
The changed position of a moving cart,
But not the regular motion of its wheels.

And these projections from a subtle plane
Of Life, an unconditioned Realm Sublime,
Upon the Time - conditioned mortal brain
Become a picture clothed in space and time.

So utterly amazing and unique
Is this experience of immersion in
The Void of Future that when at the peak,
The mortal, cut off from the noise and din
Of earth, is lost in wonder at the sight,
Which now unfolds before his inward eye,
A world of mystery aglow with light,
impenetrating both the earth and sky;

Across which, shadowed on a glowing screen,
Ethereal portraits in a luminous dress,
With all the context of a future scene,
In rapid flashes whole events express.

But only to the extent as is allowed,
To him to see and hear by Grace Divine,
For Laws Celestial ev'n in those endowed
With this rare gift, prescribe the boundary line.

(2)

What is vouchsafed to me whenev'r I brood
On destiny in a devotional mood,
I honestly and faithfully record
Treating it as a Mandate from the Lord.
But in these fleeting glimpses of the scenes
Of future, when those who now in their teens
Will have grown mature, I see filled with awe,
The Operation of a Mighty Law,
Which we are flouting now to purchase ease
And comfort for the flesh, that has to cease.

For man, evolving slowly to reach God
Cannot make Flesh his only measuring rod,
And leave the Soul to take care of itself
The while he runs mad after power and pelf.

I but repeat what all religious creeds
Had once enjoined to regulate the deeds
Of mortals, who averse to leave their hold
On pleasures of the flesh, on power and gold,
Commit the same mistakes time and again,
Not knowing that they harm the evolving brain,
Thus forcing nature, to avert decay,
To use coercive measures in some way.

What I see sometimes in the lucid mood
Provides for my digestion heavy food,
For I see pain and suffering, deaths and loss,
Soul harrowing scenes of woe before I cross
The boundary of the present century,
And there an all United Mankind see,
Trying to steer clear of our vices, firm
On virtues, building for a glorious term
Of peace and happiness with Faith devout
In God-head, cured of disbelief and doubt.

These are the Visions, which from time to time
I see in wakefulness and write in rhyme,
For both the Vision and what I record
Come synchronously by the Grace of God.*
Unbidden nothing happens, not a leaf.
Can stir, nor man act nor taste joy and grief.
So what I see when bidden by the Lord
With what is now to happen shall accord.

Karan Nagar,
Srinagar. Kashmir.
May 1968

GOPI KRISHNA

*The term God or the Lord used in this work signifies Divinity or the Conscious Sub-stratum of the Universe,

Chapter I

More stern than Physical laws, which Matter bind,
Celestial Statutes rule the human Mind.

(1)

The earth rotating round her axis brings
Our days and nights, the summers and the springs,
The falls and winters, verdure, flowers and fruits,
The mating seasons of the birds and brutes,
And all that makes us happy, dull or sad
Or peevish, all that we call good or bad,
As from the earth's revolution streams
The Light that gives us life with hopes and dreams.

It also brings for mortals peace or war
By spreading love or hatred near and far,
By causing, as in beasts it causes rut,
In men, when their unholy actions shut
The Gate of Mercy, cravings and desires
That spread from mind to mind like forest fires,
Until enveloped by the sparking blaze
They fail to see what is before their gaze,
The human caravan, all in a heap,
Into the abyss of war about to leap.

But why when everything comes from the change
In earth's position should we think it strange
That our collective steps for peace or war
Are not deliberate but come from afar,
From Active Conscious Forces all around
The earth, unseen, mysterious and profound,
Which on our minds a dark reflection cast,
When we transgress or grow too slow or fast

(2)

As sun eclipses fill the world with gloom
At intervals, and to the moment last
When, of the obstruction free, the sun has room
Again his radiance on the earth to cast,
Collective violations of the law
Of heaven, by nations, groups or all mankind
Create periodic spells when fear and awe,
Like shadows, settle on the human mind.

They mirror gathering storms upon the plane
Of Cosmic Being heralded by signs,

Which though unnoticed by a normal brain,
A Super-conscious Sage at once divines.

Intuitive flashes of Eternal Laws
Anointed Prophets only could disclose,
Which have since lost their sanctity because
Deluded thinkers now as prophets pose.

Modern society in haste recast,
By all and sundry who a hearing won,
For their mistakes must pay now with a fast
To undo the harm to real progress done.

And so humanity's colossal frame
To kill the infection which her future mars,
As cleansing fevers ailing flesh inflame,
Shall fight the bloodiest and the last of wars.

(3)

But why should nature be so callous when
Celestial laws are hid from common men?
Why should the Almighty have a morbid thirst
For causing pain when shackled mortals burst
Their bonds and gain full liberty to taste
The pleasures He devised, lest they go waste?
Why was not rational man cast in a mould
That lust would not have on him such a hold
As to neglect the duty owed to God
And so obliging Him to use the rod?

These questions are the outcome of a lack
Of knowledge of the Evolutionary Track,
Of ignorance about the cardinal fact
That universe is not a lawless tract,
That ev'n the earth herself is strictly bound
By laws, compliantly turning round and round,
And so how can her dust, from which man springs,
Be insubordinate to the King of Kings?
The very texture of the earth, her air
Or water and the sun, which mankind rear
Are so imbued with law that questions such
As these the bottom of unwisdom touch.

(4)

The commonly accepted modern view
Of science that man sprouted from the beast,
Nor wholly western nor entirely new,
Has long been in existence in the east.

But with this difference that it is the soul
And not the gross, corporeal appendage,
In man which to achieve a higher goal
Through epochs worked its way up stage by stage,
Attaining, after changing many shapes
Of lowly creatures, reasonless and mute,
A form akin to anthropoid apes
And then of man, loquacious and astute.

Now this progressive growth of humankind,
Be it on eastern or the western lines
It should be patent to the simplest mind
Cannot but act within some set confines.

And not erratically in a law-bound whole,
Where every atom plays a given part
And every sun performs a chosen role,
Not once attempting nature's will to thwart.

(5)

What vanity or lack of wisdom drives
The guiding spirits of this age to doubt
The fact that Laws Celestial rule the lives
Of men, and cannot be infringed without
Incurrring a penalty that must be paid
For individual or collective breach,
In full accordance with the canons laid,
For both collective crimes or sins of each?

Unseen devices in the brain record
And judge the thoughts and acts of mortal men,
And evey single act brings its reward
In time, without revealing where and when.

It is presumptuous on our part to think
That our volitional being is not bound,
When physical bonds inextricably link
Our flesh to all the natural forces round.

The mind and flesh connected from the day
When first the pulse of life stirs in the womb,
Without the slightest hitch obey the sway
Of one another almost to the tomb.

How in this perfect combination one
Can act so tightly bound by physical laws,
And other with unchartered freedom run
Wherev'r it some alluring object draws?

The fact is baffled by the mystery
Of life, and not allowed to look behind
The Veil of senses, mortals fail to see
That no less rigid laws control the mind.

(6)

Is it not strange in this progressive age
That nor the empiricist not learned sage
Could break the Seal of Silence, and disclose
The object of man's earthly pilgrimage ?

What wonder then if hungry millions look
For it in some antique religious book,
And trust implicitly the word of Those
Themselves to this exacting Quest betook ?

The testimony of these Immortal Men,
Which nor the Sword could brush aside nor Pen,
Shows that the Wrath of Heaven descends to check
Defiance of Law by mortals now and then.

The chances are that either they were wrong
Or that material cravings are too strong
For men to ov'rcome, and hence it befalls
That punishment awaits the rebel throng.

Reward and punishment, whatev'r the name
We use, are may be nature's ways to tame
The brute in us, for how the Lord can stoop
To actions of which vengeance is the aim ?

Undoubtedly impartial Jurists sift
The actions which degrade us or uplift,
And after looking at the ancestral pool
Decree a just award, delayed or swift.

When deathless laws, we clearly understand,
Rule mighty suns and planets, sea and land.
Could not the wise Creator find one which
Would keep this moving lump of clay in hand ?

In all the stormy epochs left behind
Had ev'r man such a morbid state of mind
As now, when he has built, to win in war,
Atrocious weapons that can end his kind ?

A ghastly streak no lower form of life
Exhibites ev'n when prone to deadly strife;
A clear-cut symptom of perversion which
Remains unnoticed as it is so rife.

A direct challenge to the Almighty Lord,
That if things do not with our wish accord
We shall destroy those He created, but
Now woefully lacks the ability to guard!

(7)

As it is only when impartial time
Before us brings the errors of our prime,
That hoary age developes seasoned views
And gains a knowledge which no learning gives.
The rising generations of our race
However young in years to those who grace
The chairs of learning and position now,
When grown grey will know better why and how
Their parents chose, as if constrained by fate,
A thorny path of such malignant hate,
That like a pestilence its fury spread
On earth, to cause such agony and dread
And such appalling damage to mankind
As will for centuries live in her mind.

The world - condition has come to a pass
Where greatest danger to the human mass
Comes no more from upheavals or disease,
But from the highest men who hold the keys
Of power in their weak but ambitious hands
And can employ the might of powerful lands
To cause death and destruction on a scale
Before which all means of expression fail.

One of the ways to avert this serious threat
To human safety would be not to abet
The men in power in their ambitious aims,
Which would be hard since we propose their names.
Moreov'r they are not in this act alone
For many a powerful and ambitious drone,
Like kites surrounding men in power, conspires
To plunge a nation into the awful fires
Of war, which in this age has well become
A fearsome homicidal delirium.

The other is to do as nature wants
Mankind to do now, like industrious ants,
To have Superior Beings at the head
As rulers, who inspire respect not dread.
This is the only way to pull the world
Out of the mess into which it has been hurled
By scholars, priests and rulers all combined,
Lost in the unfathomed mystery of mind,
Awareless that the evolving human brain
Can nev'r sit idle but must ev'r remain
Alert on meet occasions to revise
The various orders they in haste devise.

And so the hue and cry they often raise,
When daring rebels criticise their ways,
Reveal a lack of knowledge, at this time
Not only a grave omission but a crime.
The tense condition of the world is due
To this that Knowledge having yet no clue
To man's evolving nature does not move
In time to come out of a rusty groove,
Until the Forces human progress guard
Resort to drastic steps, extremely hard.

The only cure now for the current ills
Is that the King or Demagogue, who thrills
The crowd, should soon be substituted by
The Sage, who has acquired the Cosmic Eye,
That can transcend the normal limits set
By nature on the brain, a hard task yet,
And in a blaze of glory can perceive
The marvellous One who a spell does weave
To bring into existence out of naught
The Universe residing in our thought.

And only such a man can now control
The masses by appealing to the soul,
As intellect now almost near her end
The clever mind to her will cannot bend.
Instinctively the intelligent crowd now seeks
Not one who with insane ambition reeks,
But he who by his own irenic calm
Proves for the weary world a soothing balm.

(8)

The Unexpected is the potent cause
That keeps forgetful humankind alert,
But when it happens with too long a pause
The evil trends in man their sway assert.

It often is the Unforeseen event
Which brings Depravity to a sudden halt,
Ambitions' crafty plans can circumvent,
And forces Arrogance to mend her fault.

Established orders yielded place to new
By strange unthought of turns in world-affairs;
And chance occurrances drove out, ere they knew
What had befallen, tyrants from their lairs.

Dynastic kingdoms built with blood to last
For generations but one violent gust
Of stormy civil war or but one blast
Of whirl-wind like invasion brought to dust.

In many a dreary spot, where dust-wind howls
And savage beasts send out blood-curdling calls,
To which at night responds the hoot of owls,
But lately grandeur dwelt in marble halls.

Has not the Unreckoned in the recent past
Put the earth's mightiest empire into shade;
And war the state of countless men recast
The beggar king and king a beggar made ?

What Veil before our eyes obstructs the light
That nature social stagnancy abhores,
And when we fail to climb the appointed height
Creates upheavals, revolutions, wars ?

Hence, I do not predict but just inform
The world about a mighty Cosmic Law,
Which shall soon raise a hedious, global storm,
Mankind out of the present groove to draw.

(9)

Can it be possible, if we ponder deep
On it, that heaven has framed no laws to keep
Mankind upon the Path to reach the goal
It has appointed for the human soul;
And men are free to act as they decide,
To wallow in sin or to drown in pride,
And no invisible Power is there to deal
With them the fever of the mind to heal.

The existence of this Force will soon be felt
When steel and cement walls like wax will melt,
And fuse to rise in clouds of fiery dust
The award of heaven on man's unbridled lust,
Against which every prophet raised his voice
But always failed to sway this fatal choice.

Most men believe that lust and passion bind
With no way of escape the human mind,
And as a slave to many an evil trait
We have no power to change our natural state,
A most misleading notion often due
To this that modern scholars have no clue
About the Evolutionary Force in man,
Which tries to lift him as high as it can,
Against the manifold obstructions which
He puts in its way by his lustful itch.

Without impediments this godly Force
Removes the animal traits, impure and coarse,
And as in seers and sages keeps the mind
Free of the passions common mortals bind.

The tragedy of modern mind has been
That it is awareless of this Force unseen,
And scholars by their curt denial of planes
Of life, beyond the reach of normal brains,
Have done an injury to humankind
For which a remedy is hard to find.

With rulers they conjointly laid the base
Of social orders scathful for the race,
Not knowing that at every upward step
The whole environ of man must move up;
That social, credal and political forms
Must be revised as also other norms.

The outcome has been that the existing mode
Of life, since long become a cumbrous load,
Colliding with the Evolutionary Force
Creates a mind intelligent but too coarse
For man's exalted stature at this time,
When at the portals of the Life Sublime,
The leading intellects should have attained
The State Divine and Cosmic Vision gained
Had their ascent been normal in accord
With Laws, which human evolution guard.

Hence we perceive a paradoxical phase
In man's development in our own days,
Control and mastery of every force
Of nature, full command of foreign shores,
But utter ignorance about his home,
About the interior of his cranial dome,
About his nervous system and the way
In which subliminal trends his thinking sway,
He knows now everything except himself,
Except the "Knower" in the fleshy shelf,
Immune to death, decay and every kind
Of sorrow and distress known to the mind.
He knows no more about him than was known
To ancient seers of Greece and Babylon,
A gap of thousands of long years between
His knowledge of the Seer and objects seen.

We now accept man as he is today
With all the frailities his being sway,
Believing this will always be his state
Till he is bid to stay on earth by fate,
And have no inkling he is changing fast
Towards a glorious form and godly cast
Of countenance we often attribute
To angels, free entirely of the brute,

Encrowned with thoughts sublime and noble traits
Of character, above the alluring baits
Of wealth and power, blest with a longer span
Of life, to be the Enlightened Cosmic man.

This unawareness of a vital fact
Of life does in a dangerous way react,
And all the fears and tensions which surround
The world develope from this breeding ground.

(10)

Those who treat nature as a lifeless rock,
Insensible to virtue, vice and crime
And fancy that its motion, like a clock,
They can adjust at will from time to time,
One awful day must see it come to life
Confronting them with fierce, aggressive swarms
And then with loss, distress and slaughter rife
The whole of nature will seem up in arms.

We can not follow with our puny brains
The play of millions of subconscious threads,
Which cognisant of what the Law ordains
Control the thought content of ruling heads.

Amid the medley of unnumbered trends
In human nature, which our minds unfold,
These hidden strings to attain the chosen ends
In all contingencies the Law uphold.

Hence when disastrous situations rise,
Occasioning consternation and dismay,
A wise man can with confidence surmise
That Law has been infringed in any way.

Destructive wars that cause the world concern
Present no riddle to the enlightened mind,
Which in the raging tempest can discern
The attempt of nature safety vent to find.

Behold the time has come when once again
The anguries of prophets shall come true,
And man, a rebel grown too proud and vain,
With tears for heaven's clemency shall sue.

The pride of great achievement, knowledge, wit,
As much to endeavour as to fortune due,
Which blind to its mistakes does not submit
To timely counsel one day has to rue,

When Fortune, prompt to take back what she grants,
Decides the arrogant career to close;
A swift debacle and the passage slants
Towards the inglorious depths from which it rose.

(11)

Once we acknowledge that the human brain
Is climbing slowly step by step to gain
A broader vision of the Cosmic Scene,
Both of the visible word and realms unseen,
We have to accept that when he wanders far
From his route some thing must occur to bar
His passage in a wrong direction bound
To block his uwpard path to higher ground.

Incredible as it may appear to us,
Immersed in inward gloom despite the fuss
We make about our great achievements, all
Born of intuition at the Time's call,
The movements which men make to bring a change
In their environments, beyond the range
Of individual effort, in a mass,
Are all effected, as wind sways the grass,
By evolutionary impulses at work
To shake them free of bondage with a jerk.

The modern intellect compelled to grow
In wrong environment with passions low
For wealth or fame or power, entirely raw
In heavenly knowledge and Celestial Law,
Is oft distorted like a stunted plant,
That grows precariously on a slant,
And twisted out of shape appears so weird
And strange, compared to those in orchards reared.

Such are some minds in this enlightened age,
Which had they rightly grown would at this stage
Excel the greatest sages of the past
In fresh discoveries on the ocean vast
Of life, and with intuitive knowledge led
Not to destruction but a rosy bed,
The bloated modern world at heart so sick
That for explosion it needs but a prick.
But barred from Vision their one-sided brain.
Prepares the explosive for temporal gain,
By which soon into chaos will be hurled
The present gay but maladjusted world.

Full many a thinker, whose own mind refused
To accept the existence of God, when he mused

On Life's mysterious drama, good and bad,
Delightful and revolting, gay and sad,
Denied true insight into human hearts,
Despite his erudition and his arts,
Dextrous with pen his poisonous doctrine spread
All ov'r the earth to unmoor the simple head
From faith in God, and let him loose to drift,
Himself unable, right from wrong to sift.

Now watching helplessly with deep alarm
The growing stock-pile of the nuclear arm,
He tries in vain to stem the rising flood,
His own imprudence ov'r the planet spread,
And gave unbridled license to the strong
With full impunity to do a wrong,
Mistaught there is no God to judge his deeds,
And no Celestial Court to award the meeds.

No other single factor ever did
Such harm to mankind as was done, amid
The glamorous progress of the present age,
By scholars who ran down the illumined sage,
Deceived by reason, like an impish wraith,
Who cut unwisely at the roots of faith.

(12)

Upon the troubled face of earth today
Serenity the gracious nurse of art
And science, in whose lap the gifted play,
Has made her preparations to depart.

On drowsy hamlet and the humming town,
The lowly cottage and palatial home,
Unkind inquietitude and danger frown
From every quarter of the ambient dome.

Though some may not agree there seems no doubt
A heavy sense of fear disturbs the mind
Of mankind, which does not its presence shout,
But still in all our movements lurks behind,

The quest for outer peace and inward calm,
An ardent wish of countless human hearts,
Denotes but lone attempts to find a balm
To harmonise the restless mind which smarts
Under inequitable social ties
And wrong political systems, out of date,
Both endless labyrinths of sham and lies,
From which they find it hard to extricate
Themselves, and powerless to effect a cure,
Search for a way to acquire a state of calm.
By some hermetic method, swift and sure,
Which on the fevered mind can spread a balm.

This earnest longing is the cause behind
The present rage of yoga in the west
And east alike, the object is to find
Same way to bring distracted minds to rest.

Alas, a vain hope and an idle dream,
For yoga is a flower that cannot bloom
Where ruthless competition at the extreme
For contemplative lives provides no room.

Where is the authoritative yoga text
That has prescribed the method as a balm
For ruffled nerves and minds distraught or vext
In those their lust and passion cannot calm ?

But rather quite the opposite is the case,
As the pre-requistes of yoga cults,
Restraint and self-surrender form the base,
To start the practice from which peace results.

Can yoga help in social orders which
Are framed to pamper flesh and starve the soul,
Where purity of conscience proves a hitch
In having what all like—in wealth to roll ?

Chapter II

Our self-correcting minds, to mend us, cause Commotions when we flout Supernal Laws.

(1)

The future chronicler of our own age
Viewing our actions on a distant stage,
Free of the gilded chains our thinking bind?
And with an outlook of a saner kind,
Taught by the errors we now make, will see
That man in his decisions is not free,
But ev'r must pay attention to the call
Of Heaven, if he desires to avoid a fall.

In calm environments, free of the fret
And worry, now the gifted mind beset,
He will dispassionately try to find,
What now escapes our grasp, the cause behind
The sudden flare-up and the speedy fall,
Like to the abrupt end of a meteor ball,
Of modern order, to the future sage,
The caricature of an enlightened age.

(2)

He will, no doubt, enquire, what caused the events
That forced uprooted crowds to live in tents,
Beneath projecting rocks or shady trees,
In subterranean vaults, bent on their knees,
Beneath whatever shelter they could find
To lay their aching flesh and anguished mind,
Exposed to heat and cold or dusty storms,
That mercilessly lashed their quivering forms,
Covered with vermin and in ghastly fear
Of pestilence they found was drawing near.

All gaunt and haggard passing sleepless nights
With haunting memories of the happy sites,
Where they in royal comfort lived and laughed,
And of their wisdom proud, disdainfully scoffed
At those who had the audacity to say
That their behaviour bode an evil day?

What drove in haste to far off wilderness,
Without the needs of life, in tattered dress,
The huddled families distraught with grief
In one another's dole to find relief?
For fellow feelings, stirred by common woe
Beget humanity ev'n for a foe,
Uulike excessive holdings which create,
Being unnatural, enviousness and hate.

How then with horror their remembrance woke
Of blazing cities wrapt in fiery smoke,
Appalling spectacles that made them leave
Their homes in panic in a waste to grieve.

The poorest of the poor, the rich and proud
Now rubbing shoulders in one classless crowd,
Millions and millions so completely shorn
Of their possessions as if they were born
To another life, and had to build anew
Their hearths and homes and some belongings few;
The harsh beginning of a saner life,
Of temperance to avoid excessive strife,
And competition which with over-strain
And ceaseless fret distorts the evolving brain.

(3)

When heaven intends, to suit the Cosmic Plan,
To change unhealthy habits formed by man.
To humble and deflate his bloated head,
Or clean the poison skeptic thought has spread,
In short, when there occurs a need for change,
A twisted form of life to rearrange,
Then ere the evil grows beyond repaire
To cure it, as a vacuum in the air,
When it exceeds a certain point, entails
From denser regions furious storms and gales,
Terrestrial Life creates a Mental Storm
A faulty social order to reform.

See how a raging tempest sweeps away
The dust and dirt and throws in disarray
One whole affected region, bringing down
Like match-sticks, giant trees in many a town
And county, smashing doors and window panes
And hurling down the roofs in streets and lanes,
Causing a pandemonium while men dash
For shelter, 'mid the deafening din and crash
Of falling debris and the thundering roar
Of wind, in fury rising more and more,
Until with fitful gusts its rage abates
When men and things resume their normal states.

Does not the same befall when dreadful storms
Of riot and revolution change the forms
Of Governments and social systems which
In man's progressive movement cause some hitch?
Did not the same befall whenev'r the rage
Of great, historic wars in any age
Hit kingdoms and world-empires like a blast,
Their sovereignty and boundaries to recast?

Did not then millions with their precious lives
Remove the impediments, which with the gyves
Of wealth and power had bound a massive part
Of mankind, ruling it with as much art
As is displayed now by some nations which
In man's advancement cause again a hitch,
And so, as has befallen oft before,
The same dread drama must enact once more;
This time with more destructive weapons than
Were ev'r employed by power-besotten man.

(4)

No man retained for ev'r what nature gave
In her own time, at her own will and choice,
But not discerning the undulating wave
We loss beweep and at success rejoice.

None from the array of the learned crowd,
In these days on the path of Knowledge met,
The power to read the Future ev'r avowed
Or solved the Riddle of his Being yet.

The wise and fools, the mighty and the weak
At least in this one trait are all alike,
They know not what next word the Voice will speak,
And whom the Hand next moment will strike.

Man is no wiser than a tiny moth,
Who round and round the flame of Present turns,
And ev'r encircled by the curtain cloth
Of Time, without one look beyond it burns.

The lower forms of life, fish, bird and beast
To more or less extent possess the sense
To know from surface changes, ev'n the least,
The mood of nature for their own defence.

Gregarious animals and some birds display
Peculiar instincts which uncanny seem,
That bring them news of danger far away
To meet it in a way they safest deem.

A sharpness in the breeze, a sudden lull,
The state of sun-shine or a strip of cloud,
To countless living creatures, save the dull,
From tongueless nature is a warning loud.

When haziest physical signs, which swiftly pass,
Without mistake both wit and instinct read,
Why not the symptoms of the living mass
Of men, which to momentous changes lead?

A grave deficiency met in these days
Of nuclear weapons, multiplying fast,
Of chemical warfare and destroying-rays,
That must keep mankind from the first to last
In greatest danger, as none can predict
The varying temper of the human mass,
Or of the wilful men who govern it,
Or when they both will into frenzy pass.

While Heaven solicitous that man should live
And thrive for such contingencies has kept,
A super-normal Sense in him to give,
When trained, directions to the true Adept.

(5)

That we are passing through a crucial phase
Is well reflected in the slanting rays
Of sun and pallid lustre of the moon,
Perceived by only those who have the boon
Of Supersensory Vision, the most rare
Of heaven's unique endowments which we share.

Because mankind has made a sudden shift
From ways of life that can bestow the gift;
From rules of conduct which conduce to make
The mind serene—a placid conscious lake,
Whose limpid waters clearly show below
Of Cosmic Consciousness the radiant glow,
The modern world displays a serious dearth
Of Men of Vision needed on the earth
To feel the pulse of nature ev'r athrob
With what is destined for the human mob.

Does it not look to you as rather odd
That we depend for all we know of God
On Books and Utterances of some Men born
In dim antiquity when earth was shorn
Of all the glamour that makes modern life
One tense performance of distracting strife?
And no one in the intervening span
Of time could say a single word more than
What they had said or pass a cubit more
Beyond the boundary they had touched before?

If you agree that such has been the case
Can you the cause of this declension trace?
Why since the time of prophets men became
So void of heavenly Grace and are the same
In this amazingly productive span,
As if since then God has forsaken man?

Can you assign a valid cause for this,
Why in this rich, industrial age we miss
The enobling presence of that Lofty Class
Of Men, whose words inspired the human mass
To righteous deeds with such a soul-appeal
That ev'n now they can moral torpor heal ?

Do you believe that was a simpler age
More fertile for the Anointed Seer and Sage,
Or more productive for the Visionary
Than later epochs when mankind, though free
And more sophisticated, her contact lost
With nature, and of this breach paid the cost
In utter absence of the Men encrowned
By heaven with Higher Knowledge most profound ?

Can we ascribe this rather strange surcease
Of great Messiahs to the high increase
In man's material comforts, and the slow
But sure advance of mortals, high and low,
Towards a richer and a healthier life,
Full of amenities so cheap and rife
That keen necessity does not now force
The more susceptible ones to have recourse
To rigid penance or drive some to heal
Their suffering with intense religious zeal ;
Which means the earlier need for prophets ceased
When Science man's temporal hardship eased.

If it were so why people still rely
So much on old religious lore and try,
As far as they can in their thought and deed,
To act upon the tenets of their creed ?

The time has come when mankind should decide
For future if she can with safety ride
In two contrarious boats, one out of which
Aspires to God, the other to be rich
And strong to enjoy all that the earth can give,
Believing man has but one life to live.

This writing will attempt to throw some light,
As much as I can see with astral sight,
On this recondite subject at this time
Of such a moment and importance prime
That every other major problem fades
Into unimportance, as if lost in shades.
Far at this critical juncture human life
Is balanced on the thin edge of a knife,
Is in the gravest jeopardy because
We lack in knowledge of Celestial Laws.

(6)

Some are despondent though, but some rejoice
That ev'n against Faith they can raise their voice
Without the threat of hellish torment, as
It is now more a matter of their choice.

They ask has Heaven decreed that only those
With Grace Divine who as Messiahs rose
Should to the Day of Judgment lead the Folds
Their Revelations for religion chose?

If it is so how nearly half the world
Has now the Banner of Revolt unfurled,
And millions, most devout Believers once,
Their Faith and Prophets to the winds have hurled?

In this, at least, when all is said and done,
The godly and the godless are now one,
That for their safety both of them depend
Not on the Maker but the Megaton.

A most anomalous but distinctive mark
Of modern age that one can be a Shark
When dealing with the world, but when disposed
To pray can chant superbly like a Lark.

A bitter pill to swallow, but as true
As that the gorgeous vault of sky is blue,
For is belief in God consistent with
The Path of Mass Destruction we pursue?

Is there a doubt that ev'n the pious Fold
But on the lips does its profession hold,
And in the heart of hearts when option lies
Between the Lord and Mammon, chooses gold?

So how the Human Ship can enter port
When Faith is mere pretence and God a sport,
A passing fancy to be pushed aside
When greater problems our attention court?

(7)

Can you surmise the reason how the mass
Of men their life undisturbly pass,
And nev'r allow the slightest sign to escape
That warfare has assumed an ugly shape,
Due to the deadly challenge daily hurled
By growing nuclear build-ups of the world?

How, as if charmed, the vigilant crowds forget
Or are resigned towards the dreadful threat,
Towards a possibility that can turn
The earth into one vast, rotating urn ;
Towards a mortal danger from which none
Is ev'r safe whether war is lost or won,
The like of which in point of ghastly fear
And power of mass destruction nev'r was near ?

Is it not strange that we now calmly sit
And wait until the Infernal Fire is lit,
When ev'n the whisper of some pestilence
Into hysterics drives and makes us tense,
On pins to leave the place or find some way
The foul, contagious plague to keep at bay,
With justice for the safety of our life ?
But this atrocious menace now so rife
And so immediate we all disregard,
In this one case completely off our guard,
As if it is so small and so remote
As is not worth the effort ev'n to note.

With such a monster hovering overhead
Waiting to strike unwary myriads dead,
What surety has one in this reckless age
That he will not succumb to nuclear rage,
Will not be one of countless victims hurt
Incurably or struck by death inert,
Will not, with ghastly sores and sightless eyes
Till death deplore this lightening from the skies ?

If there is none what have we done about
This horror lurking near without a doubt,
Which always at our elbow but one jolt
Can bring down roaring like a thunder-bolt ;
And at a distance ev'n of many miles
Can eat deep into flesh and heap in piles
Eroded bodies stripped off to the bone,
So ulcerous they can nev'r survive alone.

If naught, have you enquired the reason why
Against this hellish engine few men cry ?
Why but few take it in a serious way
While most men unconcernedly pass their day ;
Towards this danger so indifferent that
If worries them less than a theiving cat,
Alert to every small unwelcome thing
That can the least harm or disquiet bring ?

How do they tolerate this atrocious shaft,
Designed with such diabolic skill and craft,
That round the blasted area it can drop
A virulent poison for a frightful crop

Of gibbering monsters and grimacing freaks,
Whose language is a blend of horrid shrieks,
Fouling the out-raged earth far many a year
With such abortions their sight none can bear;
And who can say with what revolting shape
It will the future stock of mankind drape?

(8)

When we attach such value to our health,
To looks, deportment, property and wealth,
Attend to all of them with deep concern
And for their betterment new methods learn,

What makes us callous to the atomic threat,
Which menaces all we have or can beget?
A danger from which we can nev'r be free
Till death and later nor our progeny?
Which is a thousand times more lethal than
The deadliest plague that ev'r disrupted man.

It is incredible, but no less a fact
That few against this fiendish arm react
With such ebullience as it should provoke,
And ev'n their efforts always end in smoke,
As if a Spell descends on earth to lull
To inaction those this blood-bath would annul.

Look for a while into your mind again
And try to find the reason, which in main
Prevents our acting as we should, no doubt,
Act when bad news puts our sang-froid to rout,
When we are warned of cholera in the town
Or of a flood that threatens it to drown.
Or of some passing evil that can be
Malific for my house-hold or for me,
And mark that in a crisis we do not
Sit calmly, wall contented with our lot,
But act without delay to set things right
Though we may have to battle day and night.
But can you say why we are not disturbed
When nuclear plague extends apace uncurbed?

The possible factors that can serve to alley
The dread of nuclear battles in some way,
Are either that one is resigned or brave
And has no horror of an early grave,
Or thinks the danger is not real, for
Who would invite his own destruction, or
That it is still too vague to occasion fear,
Or too far off a bugaboo to rear.

For some the problem is how they can stop
A vicious trend descending from the top,
How can they when the front-rank men decide

To have it, their decision over-ride.
They argue how we can avert the threat
When every self-respecting land is set,
On deadliest weapons science can devise,
For its defence or ev'n aggressive rise
In this inventive age, when all are free
To make what ev'r improvement there can be,
Who can technological progress stop
Of which it is the inevitable crop?

From other symptoms also one can find
That people are now more or less resigned
Towards a catastrophic nuclear war,
As they are oft towards an evil star,
Which, they think, bodes misfortune and can change
The tenor of their life beyond their range;
And they bide patiently the fateful day,
Knowing they cannot change it or delay.
For them it is inherent in the shape
Of passing trends that there is no escape
Out of the armament race that lends charm
To what is mankind's Doom—the nuclear arm.

(9)

Sincerely if we for a moment ask
Ourselves, when resting from the daily task,
Does not the existence at full many a place
Of nuclear engines jeopardise the race?
Is not the threat so imminent and grave
That we may one day find it hard to save
Not but ourselves and all we love and own,
But all the art and culture that has grown
With man's unceasing, patient labour done
By countless generations one by one.

Is not the danger, from what we are told
By those who cause it, many many millon fold
More than that posed by all the plagues combined,
For it can cause extinction of mankind;
Or. at the least, kill millions or distort
In such a ghastly way that nothing short
Of death can end their frightful suffering more
Intense than that of any cancerous sore?

The smiling Garden of Mankind, if once
They use their missiles and dread megatons,
Not only all the lands engaged in war
But also those not from their boundaries far
In hours would be an irrepairable mess.
One ghastly earth-wide shambles more or less,
Of all the life and scenic charm bereft,

With not a single spot of beauty left,
As if a sandy mantle from the sky
Has coverrd what was pleasing to the eye,
Save eountless dark vent-holes for smoke and fire
To rise in columns from the town and shire.

What stupor then prevents from crying out
The myriads doomed without a shade of doubt,
Millions condemned to life-long agony
So terrible no one can bear to see?
What destiny creates this nonchalance
Towards a fast approaching death's dance;
Which, if not not warded off, will leave behind
Millions dead, millions wounded, millons blind,
Millions disfigured, millions maimed or crazed;
Their assets blown off or to the ground razed?
No one to ease their pain or mourn the loss,
For all the dazed survivors too will cross
Into a horrid world ev'n worse than hell,
To face grim famines and diseases fell.

Why are the scholars loath to use their pen
To tell, at least, the turth to unwary men?
Do they believe the danger is not so
Immediate or colossal as I show?
Do they suppose the piles of nuclear arms
Will vanish as does snow when sunshine warms?
Or that a hundred billion worth of stocks
Will lie unused like under-water rocks?
Or that the havoc of a nuclear war
Will not be so great or extend so far
As I depict, and mankind will survive
The blow, without much loss, to live and thrive?

(10)

No scrupulous man should try to under-rate
The threat which is, perhaps, more than I state,
For who can picture all that may befall
When losses and thirst for reprisals gall
The warring lands, and they prolong the clash
Until most of their towns are burnt to ash?
The Dargon looms in front, as sure and large
As I describe it and no vain miraj
Of self-deception can conceal the fact,
That it exists but we fail to react.

Our failure to respond to such a threat
Reveals a symptom for the first time met
In human history, for at no time
Have masses acted such a pantomime;
Remained so passive with no word or sign
To show they are not dumb and stupid kine,

But have the intelligence at once to grasp
That they are threatened by a ubiqutous asp,
About to bury deep its venomous fangs
Into them, and their life by a thread hangs.

What has befallen now the sensitive mass,
Which promptly hard intelligent tests can pass,
That screaming Monsters as can wake rhe dead
Produce in it no sign of fear or dread,
Arouse no protest, no resistence strong
Nor global ferment to decry this wrong,
So that the power-obsessed men who endorse
Their use, could be prevented from this course ?

What widely met insensibility holds
The clever mind in its oblivious folds ?
Or what hypnotic influence sends to sleep
Reputed scholars that like docile sheep
They nimbly trot towards a slaughter-house
Obediently, as quiet as a mouse ?

The few debates and protest meetings held
By some enthusiasts, who tried to weld
Into one powerful. global forum those
Consciensiously atomic war oppose,
After some stir expressive of dissent
Against the use of nuclear armament,
And sundry comments in the press, became
Too feeble to defeat the deadly aim
Of those who thrive on it, and then expired
As if the whole adventure had misfired.

For in the wake of these out-pourings comes
The Silence managed with colossal sums;
Which nev'r allows chivalrous men to gain
Another chance their laudable aim to attain.
Somewhat by this but primarily because
The strange callosity now never thaws,
The human race accepts the nuclear arm
With no explosive symptom of alarm;
Accepts the presence of an Ogre that
Will slaughter millions as one kills a rat,
Accepts a dread contrivance fated to loom
Before rebellious mortals as their Doom.

(11)

It is not courage nor brave disregard
Of death, that we are not now on our guard
Against the fast augmenting nuclear arms;
Nor are we rendered dumb by spells or charms,
So that we do not raise our voice to stop

The growth of this pest for the human crop;
Nor is it mere distaste towards a role
Which is beyond our province or control;
Nor apathy towards a problem, most
Concerning statesmen or the ruling host,
But it is something deeper and acute
Which does in such a crisis keep us mute,
Makes us oblivious to a deadly threat,
While at mere trifles we oft fume and fret.

May be our attitude is partly due
To this that we have not a picture true
Of what will happen in a nuclear bout,
And may be some of us regard with doubt
The claims made for the hedious nuclear blast,
And think the damage cannot be so vast,
Or that the non-belligerents will remain
Untouched and suffer no distress or pain.

Ev'n such a bearing is again a sign
That we are acting like unreasoning kine,
For ev'n the veriest child knows what befell
When two small nuclear bombs created hell
In Japan, forcing that brave land to sue
For peace, to avoid more such bolts from the blue.

What havoc would result when nuclear darts,
A thousand times more powerful, strike the hearts
Of densely peopled towns and country-sides
To spread a vapour in which Death resides,
To emit a radiation that can kill
At scores of miles across a plain or hill?

What would befall when dozens, if not more,
Of heaviest nuclear shafts bombard a shore,
And what would happen when to win in war,
The two belligerents, from each other far,
In hundreds use their most destructive darts
Directing them to different populous parts
Of hostile lands to spread, wherev'r they fall,
For many thousand miles a lethal pall
Of virulent fall-out long to hang on earth,
Causing out-rageous weather, famine, dearth,
Whichs gathering soon into a biting cloud
Would wrap mankind in a corrosive shroud.

We should remember that a missile war
Whether the combatants are near or far,
Will not be fought out on a foreign shore,
But in our country, at our very door,
And to our chambers will be wafted fast

The flesh-consuming poison of the blast,
Creating dreadful havoc far and near,
Such scenes of devastation, death and fear
As shall the grieved survivors rob of will,
Their flesh and mind benumb and hunger kill.

Too soon the whole disrupted human world
Into the depths of chaos will be hurled,
The abode of panicy, dishevelled crowds,
Unnerved completely by the mush-room clouds,
And stunned when they entirely shattered find
The interlinked economy of mankind,
Their banks, industrial centres, shopping sites
Looking like silent grave-yards during nights,
Of all the glitter, pomp and show bereft,
With not a soul inside to keep off theft;
The earth enveloped in despair and gloom
For ev'n a moment's joy denying room;
Like ship-wrecked sailors on a barren cast
Obliged to live in want and oft to fast,
Not one of millions left in his abode,
Lolling at case in former style and mode.

I am not writing this to fling a scare,
But if it be an error to lay bare
Important facts of vital moment for
The whole of mankind at this critical hour,
Of such an import on them does depend
Whether the race will live or come to an end,
I must plead guilty now and press the plea
That judgment should rest with the progeny,
Which will be better able to decide
How exigent it was to oppose the tide,
That sweeping ov'r the earth had washed away
Resistence to the Evil of the day.

(12)

A child can see the race for massive loads
Of this infernal armament forebodes,
In more horrific form and shape, perhaps,
All that I have portrayed with many gaps,
About the grim disaster threatening all
The inhabitants of earth, whom now the wall
Of self-delusion nev'r allows to gauge
The fury of the storm that soon may rage
To snatch their every comfort, blessing, gift
If they complacently still choose to drift;
Which all their schemes and plans, their hopes and dreams
May come to extinguish like the mellow beams
Of burning candles quenched by the first gust
Of an approaching storm, seen by its dust.

If after all the experience gained by us,
And all our knowledge we do not discuss,
And take more seriously the after-math
Of such a pit-fall, looming in our path,
As shall not only shatter all our bones.
But turn our homesteads into sand and stones,
It means that either we are gripped by sloth,
And would burn rather than turn, like a moth,
From bright ambitious dreams, that hold us fast,
And draw us head-first to a holocaust ;
Or like birds fascinated by a snake,
We lie immobile leaving things to take
Their course, until the Bomb makes us its prey,
While we wait, hynotized, the fatal day.

Or we are not convinced that such a war
Will come the whole dream-world of man to mar,
And hope that luck or prudence will prevail
To ban the employment of this lethal hail,
Thinking men are not so of sense bereft
To fight a war in which no one is left.

Assuming ev'n a fifty fifty chance
That combatants will use the explosive lance,
Or fearful of the outcome may avoid
The dread device lest mankind is destroyed,
What would transpire towards the dismal end,
When one belligerent is compelled to bend
Beneath the crushing pressure of his foe,
While girt with nuclear arms from head to toe ?

Do you think he will tamely bend his head
And yield the victor ev'n his armour dread,
Or, if of human nature you know aught,
Will not, there and then, nuclear war be fought ?
If still some doubts this sound conclusion bar
Recall what happened in the last world-war ;
When but one power possessed the hellish arm,
Was not yet near defeat or grievous harm,
But to deliver a decisive blow
Two towns demolished with the atomic glow.

So in the future Global Wars when both
The sides possess the weapons, even though loath
To use them at first; no one can deny
One at the bitter end will missiles try,
Forcing the other too to follow suit,
Causing disasters no one can compute.

(13)

The hush-hush tactic that has followed close
The secret nuclear policy of those,
Who have stored up or now prepare the arm,
Has been adopted not to cause alarm

And panic, sure to spread when people know
The full details of what is hid below
The outer gloss of words in which they boast
Possession of a stuff the earth can roast,
And change the inhabited parts for many a year
To ghoulish haunts filled with dementing fear.

Not ev'n the experts who prepare the darts,
No doubt with sorrow weighing on their hearts,
Who raise their potency with brutal skill
To cause more havoc, myriads more to kill,
Know what disruption, O God, will occur,
When fall-out vitiates the atmosphere,
What monstrous evils will corrupt the earth,
What horrors and abortions belt her girth,
When these atrocious bombs in hundreds fall,
To spoil the economy of nature all,
Enveloping in a radiating robe
The famine-stricken, poison-laden globe.

The effect of solitary nuclear tests
Creates in near-by areas deadly pests,
Enough to cause disorder and disease
To foul the weather, to torment and tease,
Enough to cause fear and uneasiness,
And loud denunciations from the press
Of neighbouring lands, affected by the blast,
Obliging them to take precautions fast.

But who can say what irrepairable harm
Will follow when this dread, satanic arm,
Like hundreds of volcanoes, bursts to pour
A vitriolic ash on every shore,
Raising chaotic forces, never met,
The harmony of nature to upset.

The havoc caused may well assume a shape
As aweful as the Door of Hell agape
Would show to horror-stricken mortal sight,
To freeze the marrow with benumbing fright,
As shrieking, groaning wretches twist and writhe
In dreadful postures, and in thick pants breathe
Corrosive fumes, laid on a scorching bed
Under a ceiling of fire overhead,
With cold sweat streaming down the anguished face,
While red-hot pins tear off flesh from its place,
No water to assauge the parching thirst,
Or cool the burning fever, growing worse,
For days and weeks to endure infernal pain
Until delirium seizes the tortured brain,
And soothing Death the torment comes to ease,
When their contortions and convulsions cease,
Beyond the reach of help as no one near
Is left alive or whole a hand to bear.

This is how men to quench their bestial thirst
For power, when pressed, will make the earth accurst,
One vast, asphixiating, acrid spot,
Contaminated with flesh– corroding rot,
A fuming hell, a reeking bed of thorns,
Of stifling eves and suffocating morns,
Polluted and infected to the core
The abode of phthisis and incurable sore,
For decades making God's creation foul
With actions that would shame a desert ghoul,
Filling with poison both the earth and sky
To their descendants safety to deny.

In this realistic epoch we have seen
Blood spattered thickly ov'r the country green
And town, not once or twice but many times,
Not in one land but almost all the climes,
Showing us clearly what relentless hold
Disruptive war has on the human fold.

It is a serious problem for the wise
To tackle why despite the amazing rise
To intellect, aesthetics and to love,
In this one trait man could not soar above
The beasts, but on the contrary has sunk
To greater depths, as if with hatred drunk,
For ev'n the most contemptible creature known
To self-destructive trends is never prone.

With such a back-ground and two bloody wars
Before our eyes what mental twist debars
Us from believing that a bloodier third,
With nuclear weapons ending in unheard
Of devastation, to our lasting shame,
Will be faught leaving mankind broke and lame,
So dreadfully shattered as might take an age
To patch the damage done by nuclear rage?

Why do we disbelieve or disregard
To words of those who put us on our guard
Against a probability that can be
A stark reality for you and me,
Or all of us, deserving from our part
Preventive efforts done with all our heart?

Chapter III

Resisting and rebellious man is drawn
Towards a Golden Age about to dawn.

(1)

Much as I should have wished to write about
A theme that could put fear and fret to rout,
And fill a ruffled mind with peace and joy ;
But knowing well that it would but decoy
The reader into a false sense of repose,
While grim disaster looms extremely close,
I treat it as a duty laid on me
By Heaven that does my every action see,
To keep the world reminded of this threat,
Which by some Trick of Fate we soon forget.

The strange indifference which we now display
Towards the greatest problem of our day,
Towards an issue that now holds the scales
Between our life and death, and grief entails,
Call it inertia or whatev'r you like,
A keen observer cannot fail to strike,
And make him think it foolish, if not worse,
That we should grow so mentally perverse
As ev'n grim prospects of extinction stir
No feeling in us that, might be, we err,
And as a probe should look around to find,
The reason of this numbness in our mind.

If we are not misled by outer gloss,
Or at the truth do not get sour or cross,
While probing this point, as deep as I can,
I cannot but see that in modern man
A strange departure from a rational mode
Of conduct has occurred to over-load
His brain to such degree that he has grown
Indifferent to destruction, ev'n fore-known.

This apathy is not a healthy sign,
Would not be ev'n in animals. sheep or swine,
If of a possible risk that looms in front
They take no notice ev'n by a bleat or grunt.

Towards a mortal threat inertness means
Fault in the pillar on which mankind leans,
Fault in the instinct by which she survives,
Preserves her life in danger, lives and thrives.
It means a fault so terrible and grave

As cannot be compared to any save,
Perhaps, the tendency to suicide found
In rank degenerates mentally unsound.

Insentience towards a deadly risk,
Through which we gaily pass now, sport and frisk,
While each addition to the infernal store
Is adding to the hazard more and more,
Denotes a morbid symptom so acute
It has no parallel in any brute,
Or other form of life nor ever had,
Except in those that run amuck or mad.
For heaven has set the urge to live so deep
In earthly creatures that no violent sweep
Of passion or adversity can shake
The firm foundation, or remotely make
Them, when confronted with a mortal threat,
The urgent need for self-defence forget.

(2)

It is a deadness, though we look so bright
And cheerful, proud of our resource and might,
Proud of our wit, accomplishment and worth,
For man was nev'r so prosperous on earth
As we are; but this deadness is so strange
And so unheard of, so unknown a change
That few would lend belief to what I say
About a multitude so smart and gay,
About an age that has put into shade
What ancient wit had wrought or skill had made.

No one would dare impute so grave a fault
To those now soar beyond the azure vault,
And say that in the highly cultured brain
A peccant streak is just becoming plain;
A streak which seldom is with horror filled,
When it imagines millions being killed,
Which with the hedious scenes of last two wars
Still fresh in memory, now behind the farce
Of peace, prepares for yet another one?
To put to shame the carnage earlier done.

I know to many it would be a shock
When I say that our hearts resemble rock,
And that we humanly no more react
To what can make the earth a desert tract;
No more can picture with a throbbing heart
That as soon as hostilities will start
With missiles, chaos will reign on the earth,
Destruction, panic, sickness, want and dearth,
And not a house-hold or a single soul
Will flee the hell or bide intact and whole.

We are now reconciled, as if decreed
By Fate, as lazy farmers are to weed,
To this diabolic instrument of death,
Like those we once read of with bated breath
In myths, which Rakshas demons had devised
To gloat when God's good earth was pulverized ;
A challenge to the Lord from puny man
To save the earth from ruin if He can ?

An arm so devilish that, to be blunt,
There surely cannot be a worse affront
To intellect, no worse slap on the face
Of every moral fibre in the race,
Which save inhuman minds, akin to those
In some perverted kings mass slaughter chose,
No normal man, who is not mad with hate,
Can make, employ, invent or tolerate.

What great effect on one, who calmly chews
His breakfast, have the most alarming news
Of riots, revolts and slaughters now so rife
They have become a feature of our life ?
Or what emotion does a picture formed
Of nuclear warfare or a city stormed
And blown to smithereens evoke in us,
Whenev'r with friends we nuclear war discuss ?
If not much we confess a dangerous sign,
A grave declension of the mental shrine ;
A warning that insipient freeze has set
In us since we to save our life forget.

(3)

Let us discuss a while this curious trait
That has become much more pronounced of late,
That deaths, destruction, slaughter, riot and war
Now on our sensitive ears no longer jar,
Nor cause the horror that they should evoke
Nor grieve the heart nor with emotion choke,
As they did but a hundred years before
When such disasters shocked the people more,
As history attests for every case
Of carnage filled with horror all the race.

I know the earth was nev'r a chaste abode
Of human angels with a purer code
Of conduct in the past, and I concede
That there was greater poverty and need,
Still greater cruelty upon the weak,
The slave and bondman, servant, thief and freak,
There were religious wars and torture done
To heretics or forced conversions won.

But people were alert and feared a war
Decamped in panic while yet it was far,
And seldom tarried for the Lion's jaws
To swallow them, as we do now because
We have so customed, dead or callous grown,
That though we know whole nations can be blown
To bits with nuclear blasts we nev'r regard
The threat as serious and are not on guard,
Against this source of all-devouring war,
Which at no moment from no man is far,
And like a baneful comet points towards
The earth, about to engulf men, beasts and birds.

Compare this with what happened fifty years
Ago, when wakened by instinctive fears
A strong electric shock went through the mass
Of men to ban the use of poison gas,
Mere caustic as compared to megatons
That can incinirate millions all at once.

There is no doubt that something deep inside
Our minds has changed and our emotions slide
Towards a callous disregard of death
And slaughter that made people hold their breath.

So war and massacre have now become
A matter of routine, not but to some,
But to the teeming multitudes who treat
Such grim occurrances just like cold and heat.
A subject for some comment and no more,
No surge of deep emotion as before,
No scenes of woe to float before the eye,
Recurring oft to make one weep or sigh,
Forgotten ere the morning to make room
For fresh news, as if swept off with a broom,
A most abnormal trait by which we are
Careering fast towards a nuclear war.

(4)

We may discuss this issue in detail
Another time, but I should grossly fail
In duty that I owe to God and man,
If with as much submission as I can
Put into words, I do not stress again
The point that we misuse the evolving brain,
And that of this default the grim result
Is that the Guardian Conscious Force Occult
To avoid irremediable harm to brain,
Before it is too late, might cause again
A bloody global war, that may extend
To many parts, conceited man to mend.

It is nor superstition nor a myth
Nor dogma nor mere theory with no pith,
Nor yet delusion nor a sorry game
To cause sensation for some gain or fame,
But it is something, which extremely rare,
Has on occasions fallen to the share
Of men, without much striving, with the Grace
Of God to voice a warning to the race,
As I do now in this spontaneous rhyme,
That brooks no barrier of creed or clime,
From that Immortal Source to which alone
The whole detail of Universe is known.

But for it I could never dare pronounce
A judgment on the world or know an ounce
Of what I have revealed about the stain,
Now visible on the evolving human brain,
A morbid blemish, which too soon will spread,
If not removed and changed to love instead.

But for this callousness, that make us blind
To this threat ev'n the least intelligent mind
Can grasp that nuclear weapons spell the doom
Of man, a safe conclusion with no room
For doubt; and yet the stocks are growing fast,
And ev'n the 'have-nots' want to share the blast.

What profit would accrue if mankind wanes
In spiritual endowments, though she gains
Immensely in material wealth to unbar
Inhuman frenzy in a nuclear war,
Of which the authors, now completely lost
To God, with their extinction pay the cost?

It sounds blasphemous but I must confess,
That though we boast of it, the polished dress
Of modern intellect, beneath its folds
Conceals a faulty twist, which firmly holds
A part of mankind in its vicious grip,
And nev'r allows the busy crowd to slip
From it, a twist that keeps God out of count,
Has no need for the Sermon on the Mount,
Nor Vedas nor Quran nor what was taught
By Buddha to enoble human thought,
To chase the shadows which obsess the mind
Of men howev'r intelligent and refined,
Unless both morn and eve they sue for Grace,
When only Transformation can take place.

(5)

Does it not strike you as extremely strange
That at this lofty height the more we change
Towards a more and more luxurious mode
Of life the more we lack a common code

That could all nations bind in harmony,
Each of them self-administered and free;
But far from it we build a vicious load
The whole race or the greater part to explode.

And why because we fail to understand
That in our Progress nature has a hand,
And when we struggle hard to have our way
We see it blocked up by a grim array
Of Forces, which compel a course designed
To change the wrong direction of our mind,
And hence the rage to increase our nuclear might,
But serves the aim of Heaven to set us right.

But little can our puny fret avail
Against a Power that rules the furious gale,
The wind and tide, the sun, the moon and stars,
If it ordains the scourge of bloody wars
To teach the lessons mortals oft forget,
On which the Annointed Ones their Seal have set,
Designed to guide the still evolving race
To Light, of all religious faiths the base.

This hallowed teaching calls upon mankind
To lead a pure and righteous life to find
Her way to God, the Eternal, the First Cause,
And strive hard for perfection with no pause,
To treat all men as brothers, kith and kin,
And raise the fallen, heavenly Grace to win,
To deal with all as one does with oneself,
And not betray them for the sake of pelf,
To have the feeling always that the Lord
Does withness all our actions and record.

If we into our mind's hid sanctum peep
To see how far we these Injunctions keep,
Can we still wonder at a grim reward
For just the contrary endeavour hard ;
For our sophistication heedless of
Conscientious scruples, waived off with a laugh.

These golden lessons were not meant to serve
As empty ornaments to adorn the curve
Of lips, or but to swell the memory,
But of our life a vital part to be.
Since most of us have failed to school our heart
To make them of our life a changeless part,
We lack in peace and make the world a base
For war, since individuals form the race.

(6)

You may discredit it or loudly scoff
At what I say, dismiss it with a laugh,
Or more resistent and rebellious grow,

But that will not fend off the heavy blow
Which will, as surely as that fire is hot,
Descend to change the tenor of our thought.
For what we do is not consistent with
Revealed Commands, so either they are myth
Or we are in for trouble, now let us
See what is right—our Faith or wordly fuss.

I make a bold assertion, much too bold
For my most humble station, but of old
This doubt has rankled in full many hearts,
And finds vent now in deadly nuclear darts,
A weapon so opposed to common sense
And to the instinctive urge for self-defence,
That any rational man, free of the cloud
Of self-importance, who is not too proud
To abide by reason, cannot but discern
That either it serves as a measure stern
Of Heaven for our correction, since no form
Of life reacts against the instinctive norm,
Or there is someting in Creation wrong
And we but to a godless world belong.

Except this one solution, not unapt,
There is no way to explain what cloud has wrapt
The mind of man, obliging him to invite
His own destruction, knowing it all right,
A weird behaviour followed by no kind
Of life, save when death makes its instinct blind ;
A horribly abnormal trait we fail
To mark as clouds before our vision sail.

If Truth and Righteousness have real worth
And but to mortal thought owe not their birth,
Can we conceive of something more accurst,
And sacriligious than this horrid thirst
In man to cause extinction at his will
Of human multitudes this planet fill.

So either nature is unjust and blind,
Or there is some unfathomed Law behind,
That is constraining us to act like this,
And has a meaning which today we miss,
But must become apparent at its time,
To strengthen mortal faith in Laws sublime,
And if it be not so then Faith should cease
And leave men free to frolic as they please.

For if you hold belief in God can He
Be so impotent or leave men so free,
That they kill millions at once, like a louse,
While He observes it quietly, like a mouse,
An infantile belief that cannot stand
The probe of Reason or the keen demand

Of stern Morality for it would mean
That Satan is the Master. and we lean
On God as slaves to false beliefs and not
Because He has an Ordered Cosmos wrought.

(7)

But if our Faith is true and there exists
A just Creator hidden in the mists
Of whirling atoms and revolving suns,
Whose Will through every grain of matter runs,
Expressed in partly known perennial Laws,
Which all phenomena and changes cause,
There must be still inscrutable Laws behind
What is yet unintelligible to our mind ;
Behind what is mysterious and obscure
Or that which keeps us doubting and unsure,
And these unfathomed laws, when they are known,
Must clear the doubts to which we now are prone.

These Laws, when learnt, if man has ev'r to gain
Tranquility of mind, should make it plain
Whether or not the sphere of Life has rules,
That make some people wise and some men fools,
Create divergence and disparity,
Which so acutely rankles you and me,
Or cause the injustice and inequity found
In such a soul-tormenting form around,
That 'tis no wonder Faith has ceased to give
That solace by which we in peace can live.

Can we suppose that save our puny mind
The rest of nature is inert and blind,
That Man is master of his Destiny
In his own will and choice entirely free ?
If it were so why prophet, seer and sage
Prescribed a Path, conforming to his age,
For men to follow to attain the Prize
Which they all hinted at to make us wise
That we are destined for a higher goal,
And so must act a more becoming role ;
That mankind has to gain a State Divine
Which most of them did variously define.

This Path or Dharma, call it what you will,
Demands that we should vanquish, but not kill,
Our passion and desire, tame and subdue
Our nature to be noble, chaste and true;
And these injunctions were prepensely laid
Intuitively, to save from harm and aid
The evolving mortal destined for a state
Of Deathless Glory, reachable soon or late;
A state of Cosmic Knowledge most sublime
To be attained by all in course of time.

But in this age there has occurred a clash
Between our values, as wild after cash,
We have forgotton all about the Aim
Of Life, for which the Sage and Saviour came,
Forgotten that evolving as we are
We should not with improper actions bar
Our path, which means the same as when we try
To stop our heart or lungs, with pain to cry ;
Which means to arrest a natural growth decreed
To illumine mind, to enoble thought and deed,
Which means to ignore completely what was taught
By every Founder of religious thought.

This holy Transformative trend affects
Men of all nations, countries, creeds and sects,
Affects decisively all mortals born
To end one day the always rankling thorn
Of Death, and joy of Deathlessness to taste,
If only they the occasion do not waste ;
If only they employ the golden chance
Of human life to hasten their advance,
And reach the portals of the ineffable Shrine,
Where mortals with Immortal lustre shine.

The modern scholars on whom we depend
For guidance, have no knowledge of this trend,
Not ev'n suspicion of the mighty urge,
Which like a bright star shining on the verge,
Has guided mankind from a savage shore
To civilization, higher still to soar.
No wonder then that not a man alive
Has ev'n an inkling of this powerful drive
To build in him a Cosmic Conscions mind,
Eternal life and Peace Sublime to find.

By inattention to this Plan Divine.
Alas, we now profane the evolving Shrine
Of thought, collectively and one by one,
And still unmindful of what should be done,
Expose ourselves to nature's righteous wrath
To stop our wild departure from the Path.

(8)

Were not there something in our actions wrong
The Evil Forces could not grow so strong,
Could not create in us the fatal trends
To slaughter millions for our selfish ends,
Could not have brought the people down so low
To be the dumb spectators of a show,
Which now keeps mankind in a state of dread
With threats of mass destruction ov'r her head.

Nor does the horror of the approaching war
Nor of misfortunes which our hopes may mar,
Create in me the urge to indite this rhyme,
For nothing can occur before its time,
But it is something which as humans we
To do or not to do are often free,
Something as humans which we ought to know
If we desire to live in peace, and grow
To that exalted state of Joy Sublime,
Described by every prophet in his time.

I write of something which without mistake
We can discern if we completely shake
Ourselves free from the hold of self-conceit
And by the Alter of Truth take our seat,
And it is this that since we have digressed,
And more towards the Flesh and Mammon pressed
Than is consistent with onr inner growth,
With our intelligence and morals both,
We have due to the action of a Law,
Developed in our thought a serious flaw
Which warps our judgment and denies us Light,
When with atomic arms we choose to fight.

Had not there been a numbness in our thought
The 'have-nots' nev'r should have been napping caught,
For nuclear power confers resistless might
Against which 'have-nots' nev'r can hope to fight.
But they desisted from obstructive steps,
And protests ev'n but seldom came to their lips,
As if bewitched they left 'haves' free to do
The worst—to increase it and improve it too.

But for the apathy that seized their mind
They could have raised a furor all combined,
Making impossible for the 'haves' to escape,
Without to some adjustment giving shape.

With more than half the world all on one side
The 'haves' could not against their wish decide
Without exposing their ignoble aim,
And earning condemnation for the same.

As it there is a charm to make them numb
They all remained and are inert and dumb ;
But some awakening to the stunning truth,
Reminded of it by their militant youth,
That nuclear arms bestow invincible might,
They are now keen to have the fiery blight,
As if possession of this pest bestows
A rare distinction, like contentious crows,
Which when they see one light on carrion haste
To reach the spot the putrid dish to taste.

(9)

There must be, after all, some cogent cause
For this unhealthy lull and sickly pause
In our instinctive, forceful urge to live,
When deadly hazards cause for action give;
For this unnoticed yet abnormal tinge
Of dullness in an impulse on which hinge
Our life and all, that makes it so obtuse,
That monstrous weapons as can mountains fuse,
And lakes desiccate we take lying down,
A threat mankind can in oblivion drown;
Knowing it well enough but still averse
To fight an Evil than which naught is worse;
A flaw we fail to notice and locate
When on our attitude we cogitate.

Survey the whole world for the slightest stir,
And you will come to know I do not err,
That there is no concerted effort done,
And no opposing multitudes as one
Demand the banning of this dread device,
That can obliterate nations in a trice;
Of this satanic world - devouring bane
Because a palsy has come ov'r our brain
Such as has nev'r been seen on earth before,
A Visitation from the Invisible Shore
Of Cosmic Life to make mankind alert
That her intelligent mind is weighed with dirt.

There must be some defect beyond our ken
Which, yet unnoticed by the world of men,
Has caused a partial torpor of the sense
Of safety, made this instinct rather dense,
Has just a bit eclipsed the Orb of Light,
The Source of all our sense of wrong and right,
Has caused a slight obstruction in the Ray,
Which keeps the Evil threatening us at bay,
And like the commonly met morbid streak
In those for drink or vice extremely weak,
Is not perceptive of the muclear threat,
Although to other hazards most alert.

Look at the people passing unconcerned,
Absorbed in but what they have lost or earned,
And mark there is no talk except at hours
When petty gossip their vacation covers,
About the alarming state the world is in
As its existence hangs upon the spin
Of chance to cause the initial clash that can,
In such an atmosphere, mean wreck of man,
And then no one can tell what will befall
Or who will suffer—others or we all.

Is there not something morbid in this calm,
This sense of safety, this pretence and sham,
That keeps us tongue-tied and some - how contrives
To ignore the greatest danger to our lives ?
Which having now become a habitual trait
Keeps us from knowing our abnormal state ?
Keeps from admitting ev'n that there is ground
For worry for which some cure must be found ?
While some deceived by hope that Heaven will save
The world some-how, ignore the yawning grave,
Again forgetting that Celestial Law
No favour knows, does no distinction draw.

(10)

When you exhaust all possible reasons for
This morbid state look through the corridor
Of time, and try to see what fate befell
The ancient empires, which first prospered well,
But later on developing faulty traits,
And morbid thirsts, caused by unnatural states
Of life, which they did not or could not mend,
Succumbed to them and hastened to their end.
The modern glittering pageants too await,
By their refusal to change, the same fate.

For mankind has now to a state evolved
Where all political tangles must be solved,
To allow the United Race with cautious tread
Along the Cosmic Path to push ahead.

But if a radical change does not occur
And out of mutual fear we make no stir
To erect a safe, harmonious world with speed,
Embracing every colour, class and creed,
The ominous day, clairvoyant spirits fear,
Will come by force a Global State to rear.

For all adepts with Astral Vision blest
See but one reason for the deep unrest
Seething in men of every faith and class,
As if a current passing through the mass
Demands removal of restrictions which
In man's Fraternity create a hitch.

A deep subconscious thirst in human minds,
Which in disturbance and commotion finds
A vent, is but the expresston of this urge
In One, United World Regime to merge.

At such a lofty intellectual height
It is suicidal for mankind to fight,
As nuclear armanents to mortals give
The choice of whether Man shall die or live,

A most decisive factor that should weigh
With those the destinies of nations sway,
That since division is the root of war
They must be more united than they are.

Hence now the alternatives with mankind
Are either that she should in Union bind
The still divided nations of the earth,
To one Terrestrial Empire to give birth,
Or face the havoc of a nuclear war,
With blood, the barricaded doors to unbar,
For Heaven at no compulsive course will stop
To plant the intellectually mature crop
Of men upon the path to Cosmic Life,
Demanding freedom from political strife.

The safety, peace and progress of the race
Can nev'r be built upon the explosive base
Of modern armament, a warning sign
To priests and rulers from the Power Divine,
That they must sink their differences to save
Mankind from burial in the atomic grave,
For jarring creeds and sparring nations are
The surest baits to attract a nuclear war;
So either nuclear bouts or federal ties,
United mankind lives, divided dies.

(11)

I know my these few words can naught avail
Against the Forces that invite the Doom,
But hoping better counsels might prevail
For Heaven's Mercy to provide the room,
I, in obedience to an Inner Voice,
Coming from Regions deeper than the mind,
Beyond the sphere of mortal will and choice,
Make this submission to inform mankind;

That we have passed beyond the Safety Line
In our immoderate thirst for wealth and might,
Which is against Creation's Grand Design
And forces Nature too to set us right.

Vibrations in the planet's Astral Plane
Denote the nearness of the awful Day,
When Hell may rage to make war-mongers sane
For true, perennial Peace to pave the way.

The indications are that time is due
To re-establish faith in Heavenly Law,
And that a reign of terror may ensue
To re-awaken Supernatural Awe.

Believers in a God cannot condemn,
In their defence, this retributive course

For if the Almighty Ruler does not stem
The tide of Evil, and lets physical force
Defeat Eternal Laws, it would confute
The truth of Revelation, leaving man
To follow any self-appointed route
Of life, as well or as ill as he can.

But if Religious Genius has been right
In its intuition of the Allotted Path,
Then when astray, believing but in Might,
Transgressors must incur Celestial Wrath.

Alas, the narrowness of human mind
Allowed no conqueror to have a peep
Before-hand at his end, but one can find
If he employs his mental eye to sweep
The horizons of the ancient empires, built
Upon the sweat and blood of weaker folk,
That they had to disgorge the fruit of guilt,
And those they sucked dry with their blood to soak.

Do you not sense now in the atmosphere
Of earth, a turbulance among the youth,
Unrest in elders and but here and there
A few who keep excited tempers smooth,
A clear sign that the Fountain, which supplies
The stream of human thought, reveals a trend
Of disaffection and diversely tries
The factors causing it some-how to end.

The whole terrestrial surface has become
One vast Satanic Net of deep intrigue,
Some are conspiring on this side and some
On that to form for war a powerful League.

And from this fiendish Net may soon emerge
A strong contingent of determined states,
Which still but dimly visible on the verge,
For its abruptly launched offensive waits
The destined hour, the pre-determined day,
The appointed moment and the fated year,
When some unreckoned cause shall start the fray,
And men the sound of bursting missiles hear.

The best defences aimed to intercept
And foul a streaking dart ere it can smite
To vaporise in seconds, as if swept
Clean from the planet, some forechosen site,
Shall prove of no avail against the blasts
Of nature's mightiest Force, employed before
Appropriate moral growth, for holocausts,
To wash the stigma of guilt with their gore,

By men, who still believe despite the array
Of facts te show that Immutable Laws,
From atoms to sidereal systems, sway
The cosmos, that they can escape because

Self-acting man is from their hold immune,
For this fallacious view, itself a crime,
To reap, when arrogantly out of tune,
A bitter harvest in due course of time.

Past all deterrents, past all ramparts built,
At such enormous cost as could suffice
To keep the earth's escurient from the guilt
Of crimes, committed for a morsel twice
A day, the infermal engines as if wrought
By nature for requite through mortal hands,
Shall spread destruction, poison, death and rot
Among the people of contending lands,

At once to such a staggering, dread extent
That future men shall shudder at the thought,
And centuries of time and labour spent
On pomp and vanity shall come to naught.

The awe-struck world shall shiver, dumb with fright,
Congealed, with frozen joy and stifled mirth,
As monstrous globes of fire, site after site,
Teeming with human crowds, wipe off the earth.

Thus shall be fought, to purge the infected world
Of Evil, a global Mahabharatta,
With Hellish arms by human monsters hurled,
To re-enforce the flouted Cosmic Law.

The only remedies are Holy Awe,
A sane apportionment of earthly Wealth,
One-World Confedracy with equal Law,
Improved Morality and Mental Health.

(12)

Caught in the mesh of passion, pride and lust,
Become hard-boiled materialists we trust
No more in Faith or God, in Heaven or Hell,
And live but life to enjoy and needs to swell;
Alas, awareless that beyond our dreams
Beyond the moon and stars and lustrous beams
Of sun a deathless, happy state awaits
The men who can resist temporal baits.

See how full many centuries before,
When needs were few and meagre was the store
Of goods, the earth produced the highest men ;
Religious Geniuses, most scarce since then,
Whose simple narratives of Realm Divine
For that Sublime Experience make us pine.

A state of such surpassing Glory filled
With Joy Celestial that the mind is stilled
In Ecstacy, in unexpressible Bliss,
Far more than that when ravishing Houries kiss
Impassioned men, than highest earthly joy,
Which floods the hungry senses but to cloy;
That most intense Joy native to the soul,
When leaving Ego it enfolds the Whole,
To be a marvellous, pulsating Main
Of formless Life, beyond the reach of pain,
One with the Eternal Self that gives it birth,
One with the universe, the heaven and earth,
Lost in the Cosmic Plane of Being, past
The thought of life and death, the first and last,
Beyond the pairs of opposites, most serene,
Itself the Unified Seer and the Seen.

This is the Future State for which mankind
Is destined, if she lets the evolving mind
Have freedom for the natural process which
Is tending to remould it and enrich,
Until the mortal, one with Cosmic Life,
Discerns the meaning of this baffling strife,
To live a glorious Life as nature wills,
One his pure Dreams and high Ideals fulfils,
For which, in fact, primodial Man was born,
In time as Cosmic Man the earth to adorn.

But now obstructed, as we cannot scan
A day ahead beyond our mortal span,
The Evolutionary Force, to pass the hitch,
Creates the seething ferment and the itch
For war, a glaring symptom of this age,
Endured and ov'r-looked in the excessive rage
For sensuous comfort and luxurious ware,
Exciting pleasure and delicious fare,
And other things, exhausting now on it
The massive armoury of all our wit,
Without a single thought towards the Soul,
The Owner of the House-hold, whole and sole.

Look at the sums on War and Pleasure spent,
While millions starve for lack of Nutriment,
A most revolting feature at a time
When intellect is basking in her prime,
And needs the Human touch to be Divine,
Or lacking Charity to face Decline,
Compelling Heaven, as gently as it can,
To clear the dirt, allowing chastened Man
To labour for Perfection till the Race
Attains the Heaven-appointed Crown with Grace.

The End

ERRATA

Page	Para	Line	Error	Correction
4	2	2	not	nor
7	9	1	pondcr	ponder
10	2	4	word	world
,,	2	8	uwpard	upward
12	1	4	same	some
14	3	7	repaire	repair
17	6	7	far	for
18	7	2	insert now	after life
18	7	2	undisturbly	undisturbedly
19	5	6	if	it
20	4	10	wall	well
21	4	2	delete millon	
22	1	3	covrrd	covered
22	1	4	eountless	countless
,,	3	2	turth	truth
23	2	3	rhe	the
24	5	11	whichs	which
28	5	2	to	the
31	3	12	to save our	the worth of
33	1	7	much	their
33	3	1	make	makes
38	2	4	Alter	Altar
,,	6	1	it	if
43	1	2	te	to

Copies of the booklet can be had from the author at Rs. 2/- per copy, including packing and postage, for India, and foreign 50 cents (American) or its equivalent in British, German or Swiss currency. For packages sent by air the air surcharge will be extra.

The other work published by the author is "Kundalini the Evolutionary Energy in Man", Price in India Rs. 12/- plus postage. For readers abroad copies in English can be had from Mr. F J. Hopman, 29, Wolfbachstr, 8032 Zurich, Switzerland. Copies in German of the same work can be had from Otto-Wilhelm-Barth-Verlag Gmbh, 812 Weilheim / Obb, Postfach 79, West Germany.

ERRATA

Page	Para	Line	Error	Correction
7	2	2	not	non
10	2	1	Prouder	prouder
12	2	4	word	world
14	2	3	typeset	typeset
17	2	4	Skipe	some
18	2	3	organic	organic
18	2	7	far	the
19	2	7	Insert	now after this
20	2	2	understruth	understanding
21	2	6	If	it
22	2	10	Well	well
23	2	4	delete	million
24	2	3	covrd	covered
25	2	4	countless	countless
26	2	2	earth	earth
27	2	3	the	this
28	2	11	whiche	which
29	2	2	to	the
31	2	12	save our	the world of
32	2	7	sunch	there
33	2	1	make	makes
38	2	4	After	After
39	1	1	it	it
43	2	2	to	to

epidemic when the cause is known and understood. They are not accidental episodes, brought about by a chance combination of circumstances, but a foreseeable outcome of a prolonged violation of Evolutionary Laws. A tense condition of the mind, lack of peace and causeless worry, when a general symptom of mass consciousness, denote a state of stress of the Cosmic mind

According to Gopi Krishna the evolution of mankind is governed by so many factors and is tending in a direction so unimaginable and sublime that it is not possible for the conditioned human intellect to know its ramifications or to prescribe the rules of conduct obligatory for mankind to live in consonance with evolutionary requirements. From times immemorial, therefore, Revelation has come to guide the race on this still obscure, long and extremely arduous Path. The tenacity with which mankind has held to religious belief throughout her long career, is a clear indication of the fact that it fulfils some most vital need and some deep subconscious thirst of the human mind. This need, Gopi Krishna says, is no other than that of evolution.

The booklet does not profess to be a prophesy in the generally accepted meaning of the term, but a prognosis of the events to come as revealed in another dimension of consciousness. There is nothing mysterious or miraculous about it as there is nothing mysterious and miraculous about the prediction of eclipses and the prognosis of diseases by physicians, when the basic laws are known to the intellect, although some - times they appear strange and miraculous to primitive and ignorant minds. The present evolutionary process in mankind is aimed to create a more extended state of consciousness in which such a prognosis will always become possible.

Gopi Krishna believes that at the present stage of evolution the leading intellects of the earth, with proper efforts done in suitable environments, can in a fair percentage of cases succeed in arousing Kundalini and by her agency can win access to a higher realm of consciousness. This supersensory plane of knowledge, or the Third Eye, mentioned in ancient esoteric documents, will be a necessary endowment of the luminaries who will guide the race in the foreseeable future.

It was the possession of this supersensory channel of cognition that gave to all great seers and prophets such deep knowledge of human nature and such farsightedness. The knowledge of the Evolutionary Laws and the Goal of human progress brings to the fore-front the need for mental hygiene, as essential as the hygiene of the body. With necessary precautions taken on this side it will be possible in the time to come, to control and eliminate war, as mankind has learnt to control scourges like cholera, plague and small pox, planting the race firmly on the path to Glory, Superconsciousness and Sublime Peace.